P81-0418-(11)

BALCONY SQUARE

* Mainline Untracked
* Hair Review
* Sports Plans
Expansion

BALCONY SQUARE, JANUARY 8, 1970

Published by the Students of University of Scarborough

B.B. KING REVIEW *Alive & Completely Well*

Photo By Carl Blazina

By Martyn Weir

The Masonic Temple (formerly the Rock Pile) re-opened Saturday night on a more or less regular basis featuring the undisputed master of the blues, R.B. King.

King, as expected, provided three exciting shows of total immersion in the blues. His guitar, Lucille, sent out streams of sheering, crying notes, saying what he couldn't, echoing what he could, and invoking a worshipful stir throughout the crowd.

The crowd, incidentally, was almost totally white, a condition very common to King who in the past two years has seen his circle of fans spread from only black to an all encompassing audience throughout the world, including London, Paris and Scandinavia.

I had the distinct pleasure of talking to B.B. King for about two and a half hours on Sunday, including a live dialogue on CHUM-FM, during which time I became hypnotized by the infectious warmth and outspokeness of this down-to-earth bluesman.

Our conversation touched on many varied topics from his own music business, recording policies, the Cleveland Browns, roots of music, the army and many others.

The following is a partial transcript of our conversation:

I first asked him who his favorite blues artists on the current scene were and without hesitation he replied:

"Buddy Guy, that cat knocks me out, but man, I like anybody who plays, I'll listen to anyone, now I might not buy it, but I'll listen. One of my other favorite bluesman was Magic Sam and we all hated to lose him."

B.S. Miles Davis said there is no bad music, only bad musicians. . .

King. Yeah, I know what he means, yeah I'd go along with that.

King then went into a fascinating dissertation of his philosophy on musical tastes and how they are getting together now. He lamented that for the past fifteen years the jazz factions, the blues factions, and the rhythm 'n' blues (rock) faction could not see each other. Now as King feels they are all getting together, influencing each other, and jamming together.

He told us of a two week engagement at the "Village Gate" in New York during which he didn't get home once before the sun came up due to the jams that happened every night.

"That was where I first met Janis, you know Janis Joplin. Man that chick and I sang till six in the morning. Paul Butterfield came by a couple of times. Elvin Bishop and Eric Clapton came one night and brought their tape recorders, so did Jimi Hendrix. Larry Coryell and Pharoah, oh yeah and Sun Ra, you know these guys, well they all came in and we did jazz all night. Blood, Sweat and Tears came by too, the whole band you know, and Alan Kooper was with them too, and he recorded the whole thing. Man, I played with everybody. If those recording people were smart, they would have been there too."

Did King feel any resentment towards the white guitarists like Bloomfield, Clapton or Bishop who took his style and made a fortune on it?

"Not in the least, no sir, they listened to B.B. and then started shouting my name all over the country, and as I said to Walter here, in the past two years my fans have increased a hundred fold, man, I'm working 300 nights a year and getting 5 grand a night, no sir, all I can do is thank those guys."

Talking about the breakup of two marriages, King said that it was his fault, due to his philosophy on life, "Now, I'll do anything to make anyone happy, so long as it doesn't make me unhappy, so if the Browns are playing and my wife wants to see her relatives, I'd say well honey, we can see them tomorrow, but I can't see the Browns then and girls don't like that I guess."

He didn't seem bitter or saddened by the failure of his marriages, but did say he was sorry he couldn't be together with his daughters more.

I asked him what he thought of the electric "rock" albums that Muddy Watters and Howlin' Wolf have done, and if he had plans for any similar recordings. At this he just grinned and said "No, and if they could do it again they wouldn't either."

All in all B.B. King presented himself to be a genuine human whose feelings for life show up in the painful, gutsy blues he plays.

BALCONY SQUARE

Editor-in-Chief
Michael Clancy
Managing Editor
Paul Scrivener
Entertainment Editor
Martyn Weir
Literary Editor
Leighton McLeod
Photography Editor
Paul Feldman
Sports Editor
Eric Seery
Business Manager
David Chalmers
Distribution
Lynda Joyce
Layout
Henry Flam
Office
Monica Walburger
Advertising
Student Advertising Limited
284A Yonge Street, 368-7506

Balcony Square is a weekly published by the Students of the University of Scarborough which is affiliated with the University of Toronto. All opinions are those of the writer alone and do not reflect those of the Student Body and/ or the Editorial Staff. Office located at 1265 Military Trail, West Hill, Ontario, 284-3152.

Editorial

After the wild revels of the holiday season, the parties, the scotch in liberal doses, the dinner's with the relations; what worse than returning to the dull, grey confines of our academic home with a hang-over the size of New York City perched on our battered and fuzzy heads. . .that was a little loud, I apologize.

All it would take for a massive breakdown would be for some English Prof. to ask us to write an essay on what we did over the holidays. Of course, the shocking details would probably force that unfortunate academic over the brink as well.

The nature of this editorial was to be a sort of "Welcome Back, kids!" but I can't quite focus my attention in that direction, when my head instructs me to be quite aggressive and pugnacious.

.I can't quite find anything worth attacking, editorializing at length about anyway.

Perhaps it would be best to mention the better things that are coming to Scarborough in this new year. Look forward to the Winter Carnival due sometime before Reading Week. Plans call for a complete entertainment package composed of such varied entertainers as Dick Gregory and the re-formed Luke and the Apostles, full media coverage by the Toronto radio and TV networks, a live jam-session with some of the well-known musicians in Toronto, a myriad of out-door snowy activities, a three day sleep-over, contests, prizes, personalities, an indoor Winter Pop Festival right here at Scarborough College. . .don't say anything, but Mr. Lennon is a possible visitor, complete with Yoko and a message of peace. Remember, we were the ones that got you the Get Back tapes. . .nothing is impossible.

The Student Council will hold another Bitch-in sometime in January featuring loads of excitement and amusement for all. Store up those precious bitches for slinging come January.

Watch for Phil Marmaduke's first live performance here at the college; since he left Moose Jaw, Phil has yet to play publicly anywhere. We had the excellent fortune to see Phil working out with the Puget Sound in his garage, complete with purple bathrobe, belting out "I Hear You Knocking But You Can't Come In". Don't miss this fantastic show.

COMMENT

By Bob Kligerman

Is there a difference between the two, or is it simply a myth, a fictitious division self-created by competitive minded university students?

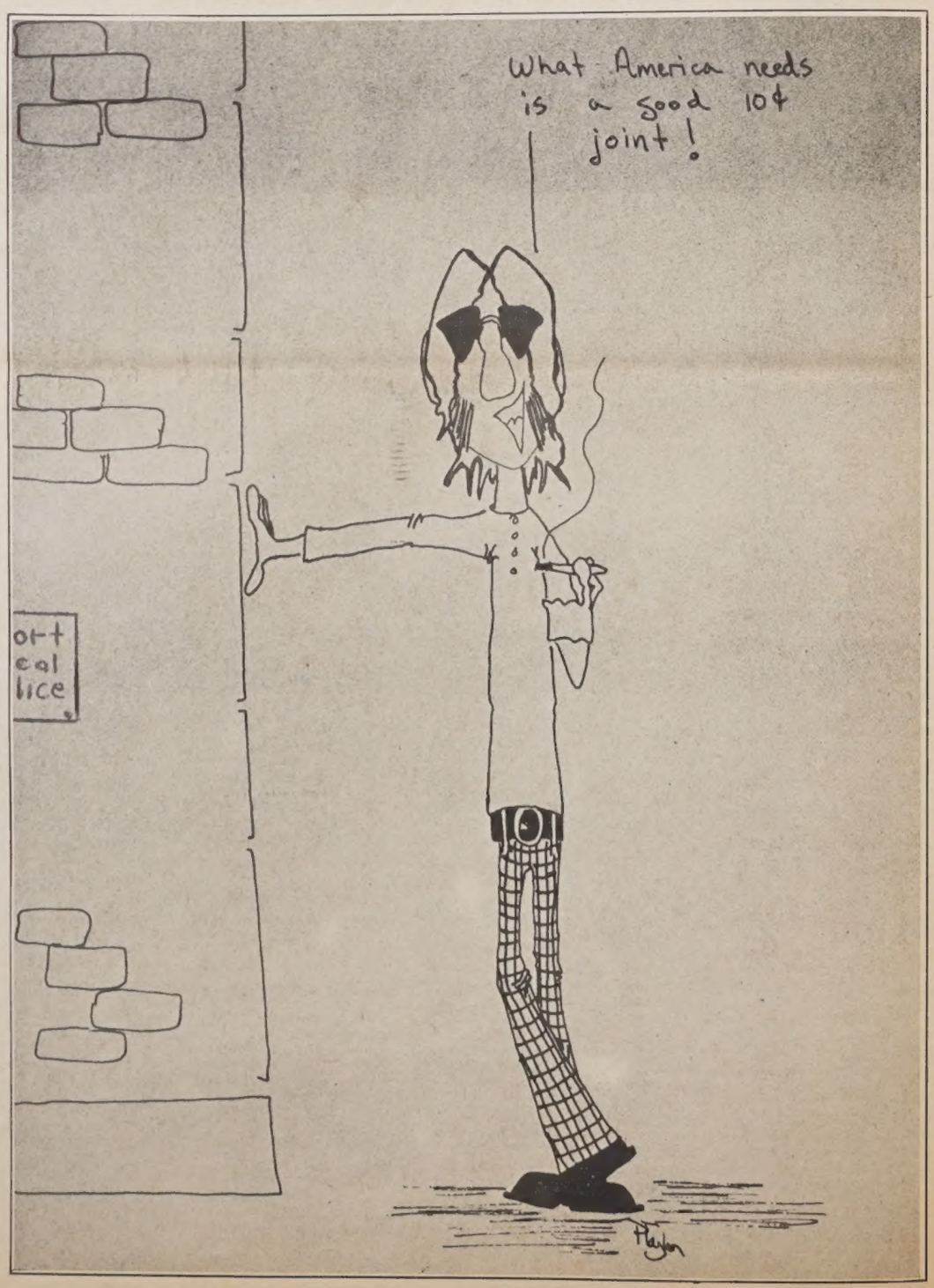
YES, there is a difference. All are equal on entering Scar first day of first year but by the end of the second month you can tell. There is no great physiological change, (no extra eyes, bigger brain, etc.) but rather a change of attitude.

First the science student is more academically orientated. The work comes long and hard and every science student has received marks such as 3-1/ 2/ 40 with the comment added "And it was a gift." Rare is the Arts student who even gets no marks for hard work. In Arts, words, any words, are worth marks.

The Arts student, in his few hours a week, takes courses in which he is never really interested. The courses have no reality to to-day and he finds himself free to spend many hours in the cafeteria or the time to become involved in university life.

To the science student university is an academic struggle. Everything is important and there is never time to learn the work. One never can learn anything completely as there is always greater depth to any subject. In science, there can be no conclusion, no finality. In science, there is nothing that can be forgotten — every article read must be remembered. Knowledge is cumalative. Also you are as likely to loose marks for words as gain them. In science you start at 0 and work up, 1/ 2 mark at a time.

And so the science students' concept of reality might not be broad but it is intense. My conception of the artsy though is the old definition of the philosopher: One who learns less and less about more and more until he knows nothing about everything.



HAIR

By Barbara Kamiel

Do you think young? Are you a member of the new generation who likes excitement? Or, are you a member of the old generation who wants to be "with it"? If the answer is "yes" to the above questions, then the American tribal rock musical "Hair" is made just for you.

From the moment the performance begins, to the second it ends, you are transformed into a member of the "hip" generation.

Members of the cast periodically run through the aisles, swing from ropes above your head, climb up on ladders to the first and second balcony, and literally hang from the rafters. Confetti is thrown on members of the audience, along with moon dust, balloons, and flowers. As the music gets louder, and the dancing on stage gets wilder, you find yourself asking, "is this for real, or am I dreaming?" You soon realize that you are not dreaming when the lights begin to flash, and out of nowhere twenty to twenty-five naked bodies appear to be standing at attention on stage. By the time you realize what you are seeing, the scene is over. . .it lasts about five seconds. Before the members of the audience can breathe a sigh of relief, a voice is heard ringing out from the back of the audience, "you're all under arrest". Was it the morality squad of "good old Toronto" arresting the cast for indecent exposure? A hush is followed by a delayed sigh of relief, and then laughter — it was just a member of the cast imitating a policeman. It is the end of Act I, and the cast and audience, take a well deserved rest during intermission.

Act II begins, and it turns out to be as wild and as exciting as Act I. The most elaborate costume is featured during a number called "Black Boy", which is sung by three negro girls (who sound like the Supremes). The three girls, standing on a mobile platform, are wheeled onto the stage wearing one elaborate pink glittery dress. All three girls appear to be attached together like "siamese triplets" (which is not easy to picture; you have to see it to believe it).

Another number features members of the cast who are dressed up to represent budhist monks, Indians and American and Vietnamese soldiers, who stage a mock battle against each other. Under a bombardment of noise and flashing lights, they all symbolically fall to the stage dead.

The most dramatic scene occurs during a religious ceremony, when a young girl is sacrificed to Aquarius, as male members of the cast, who are painted with flourescent paint, do a wild dance around her.

Hair is a complete "cut up" of American society, violence, war, the straight life, pollution, and everything else. The story is simple. It is about a member of the close-knit group, Claude, who receives a draft notice. The rest of the group contribute ideas as to how to keep Claude out of the army. However, Claude is eventually drafted into the army. Claude makes himself invisible, and he comes back to visit all his friends who do not realize that one of their own members is wearing a soldier's uniform.

As a climax to "Hair", members of the cast run through the downstairs audience, inviting members of the audience to dance with them on the stage for the last number... and soon the stage is packed with people who range in age from a little girl who is about three years old, to a man about forty years. . .final applause. . .the lights dim. . .the curtain closes. Is this the end of "Hair"? Not at all. Judging from the positive reaction of the audience (smiles and more smiles), it can safely be stated, that "Hair" is going to be in Toronto for a long time to come.

Record Review

By Martyn Weir

Despite the obvious promotional attitude of this recording, "Brower-Walker presents, etc." and the more obvious imperfections due to its rushed, live format, the album is an excellent example of both "good old rock'n'roll" and also an insight into the Hamburg, Germany scene that most English Rock performers endured during the 1958-62 era.

The album is assured of wide commercial success because of the excellent personnel, John Lennon, vocal and rhythm guitar; Eric Clapton, lead guitar; and Klaus Voorman, bass. However the album is capable of a large volume of sales merely on its own merit.

The band rips into the popular standards. "Blue Suede Shoes" and the beginning is drowned in the crowd's response. Then they do perhaps the most popular of all early Beatle tunes, "Money" and another "Dizzy Miss Lizzie". Except for seeing the personnel live, one would be easily forgiven for mistaking it for a live Beatle album. Clapton and George Harrison have been mutually influenced to the point where their styles have many identical qualities.

"Yer Blues" is an exciting number very similar to the double version, and lends much credibility to the rumor that Clapton played lead on the album.

"Cold Turkey" is entirely different from the Top-40 single version and the Toronto performance was the first time it was ever performed, but it remains an exciting, hard-driving arrangement.

The last number is supposed to be the reason for the whole album, "Give Peace a Chance" but unfortunately, the crowd was not in a very "peaceful" mood and failed to respond in a very vociferous manner.

The second side is Yoko Ono. Perhaps one day we will understand.

MAIN - LINE Untracked

By Martyn Weir

McKenna Mendelson Mainline, a near-legend in Toronto rock concerns; has bowed to internal crises, personality clashes, and a narrowing of potential, and called it quits.

The quartet, probably the most popular and successful of all the current local aggregation who have a major European tour and a well received album, "Stink" to their credit, have all gone their separate ways.

Their last performance together was on December 20 at a Scarborough high school. Following this, the "Mainline" did a concert in London, Ont., with another Toronto band, "Milestone", but Joe Mendelson was sorely missing. His place was not filled by stand-in Stan Thomas, a black guitarist who came on too "hip" and too glib, making a pathetic attempt to create the charismatic presence of Mendelson.

The internal friction which brought about the split appears to be a long standing difference of opinion between Mendelson, the founding father of the band, and Michael McKenna, lead guitar, as to musical and business policy. There appears to be mutual non-respect, one musician for the other which infected all members of the band. As Mendelson puts it, "McKenna's head just isn't where mine is."

Mendelson also feels that although McKenna is regarded as an excellent musician, as far as what the "Mainline" were into and what McKenna could offer it, the lead guitarist had "run out of gas musically, in fact the album catches him at the point of running out of gas musically."

It was suggested that the fact only his and McKennas names were thrust into prominence caused a number of problems in the band, that the rhythm section were caused many hassles and personal slights. This Mendelson agreed to. In fact he has written a statement of his feelings towards his rhythm section, Mike Harrison on bass, and Tony Nolasco on drums, in which he says he feels it is very unfortunate that that was the case. As for Harrison's bass playing, Mendelson simply says it is "f---ing incredible".

Harrison was not very willing to delve deeply into his feelings on the cause of the split but he did say that it was possible that Joe Mendelson might have taken a different attitude which would have prevented a breakup.

He says he and Nolasco will continue as the "Mainline", and remain in a blues vein but will most likely return to England and possibly pick up on some sidemen over there. Mendelson feels they should be quite successful and wanted it made clear that he wishes them well, cautioning them to do some careful planning beforehand.

McKenna appears to be taking a step backwards as he rejoins his first major concern "Luke and the Apostles" who are currently reforming with the addition of Denny Gerrard on bass.

The immediate future for all concerned seems more or less undecided at this point, however, Mendelson does have some projects he would like to see materialize. One of these is a multi-media miniature epic centering around the life of a prominent figure in Canadian history (not, he stressed, Laura Secord. Her cow perhaps?) which would encompass a story-line, complimenting music and a basis for a possible theatre or celluloid adaptation.

This is probably his pet project, stemming from a genuine love of Canada, and a desire to use his talents towards an educational end. (He is even contemplating teaching high school.)

Toronto does not figure in Mendelson's plans at the moment. He no longer wants to play high school gyms or village clubs, and really can't see receiving commercial success or personal satisfaction in the sphere of Toronto.

Thus comes to an end a Toronto legend as the "Mainline" becomes derailed. With any luck however, we might now be offered three even better musical aggregations. Surely a fifty-foot whatever can't just fade away.

Photo Elliot Landy, Balcony Square

The Band — Massey Hall - Jan. 17, 7 & 9:30 p.m.

"THE BAND"

By Martyn Weir

Some groups make it on energy. Some on volume. Some on charisma and dazzling personality. A few still make it on music. Like the Band. Dylan's men.

The first surprise about the Band is that they're so quiet. With no dire- histrionics, no distorted electronics, no super-amplified trickery, their first album, Music From Big Pink (Capitol), could best be called infectious rock — glad music. Something in the lilt, the smoothness, the authenticity of the playing and singing makes you grin.

Perhaps the oldest new group around, the Band, all of whom sing, is made up of Robbie Robertson, lead guitar; Richard Manuel, piano; Levon Helm, drums; Rick Danko, bass; Garth Hudson, organ — five men who have been together for almost nine years — including a stretch with Ronnie Hawkins, an early rock and roll phenomenon, in a group called Ronnie Hawkins and the Hawks. Since 1965 they've played with Dylan, and, as Robbie Robertson says, "We've had a great effect on each other. Dylan brought us into a whole new thing and I guess he got something from us."

For the past year they've been in Woodstock, N.Y. set up in a house known as Big Pink, where they've been playing and recording. Robertson says, "The music that we play now — it's mountain music because this place where we are — it is the mountains."

All of their long history is in the seemingly offhand perfection of their sound. All of them have strong country music backgrounds, and, understandably, their first album has the fresh coolness of country rock rather than the heaviness of psychedelia. The Band's country is tempered by their experience; country here is fused with rock and the merger creates something spanking new.

Abandoning the surface shock of abstract acid rock for the more enduring virtues of melody, harmony and feeling, the Band creates a newer than new music which they take seriously, but not with do-or-die intensity. They take it, as Robbie Robertson puts it, ". . .seriously enough so that we can smile at one another when we're through playing."

Riding on the crest of their second Capitol album "The Band", the quintet will be arriving at Massey Hall for two shows on Saturday Jan. 17 at 7 and 9:30 p.m. Also on the bill, being presented by Martin Onrot who also brought in Led Zeppelin and the Moody Blues, will be Jesse Winchester, a local country/ folk artist.

Tickets are $3.50, $4.50, and $5.50, and are available by mail order from Massey Hall, or at Sam the Record Man.

Artist's Workshop

where the artists teach classes for all standards in the visual and performing arts. Photography, film, writing and drawing for the absolute, complete and utter beginner. Brochure from three schools **BALCONY SQUARE, 296 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto 179. Call 920-8370.**

"RIFFS"
from
"THE VILLAGE VOICE"

YOU COULD TELL something special was happening on Second Avenue by the way the weekend crowd swooshed instead of sauntered down St. Marks Place. And when you got closer to the Fillmore East, the beaded beggars' cry was not an aggressive "Spare Change?", but a hopeful "Spare Tickets?"

The four Band concerts were sold out weeks before. Excitement about their East Coast debut was generated partly by the splash of their first album, "Music from Big Pink", partly by the heightened curiosity their reticence has created (ten months after a hit album, they're just beginning concerts); and partly by their own country gentleman, mystique, which is a combination of the first two factors — outstanding music and a retiring unconcern for "making it" — plus a little something more. In other words, the whole is greater than the sum of its parts and the Band already have an almost mythical aura.

You could measure some of that aura as it reflected back in the pre-concert crowd's anticipation. This cheery expectation was exhaled like a group high as the audience settled down to Cat Mother and the All Night Newsboys.

The whole evening was a lesson in what can happen when a group of musicians take themselves seriously enought to really work together for a long time. Cat Mother has been playing around in the city for the last two years, beginning at the dank Cafe Wha and on up to second and third on everyone else's bill.

They are not especially accomplished or imaginative instrumentalists but they do have it together. They've improved steadily over the years and if their focus is still a little fuzzy, they have a strong determination to be good. More important, they write excellent songs and have a solid vocal sound. They did a friendly set, finishing with a jaunty medley of oldies like "Blue Suede Shoes" and "Chantilly Lace." Cat Mother could work themselves into a big group, especially among people who miss the Buffalo Springfield.

Mystery crept back into the night as the Band's paraphernalia was hustled on in the dark and the ubiquitous equipment men dissolved into the wings leaving five stark silhouettes. Pause. Screams. Lights. There they were, shy and formal in suits and neatly trimmed beards, with the exception of Garth Hudson looming like a hoary Biblical prophet behind his Hammond organ.

In contrast to Cat Mother's awesome banks of amplifiers, the Band's equipment was modest. Levon Helm uses the most minimal drum set in unassuming plain wood shells, Danko and Robertson run through small Fender amps, and Manuel's baby grand is milked acoustically.

Four and a half years ago they played their last solo gig; four years ago in their last public performances they were booed by folk-purists while on tour with Dylan. It's easy to see why they're a hard group to get on a stage. Robertson is so sweetly bashful that he only sneaks a glance at the audience when he's introduced. The whole group seems slightly embarrassed and eager to get on with it.

They do. And the theatre is filled with startling aliver-than-live version of Big Pink. Because the Band uses production only to capture their real sound, they can reproduce it anywhere. As they run through their album cuts — "Tears of Rage," "This Wheel's On Fire", "Caledonia Mission" — the response is wild. Their myth is reinforced.

The Band functions like a precision watch. Intricate, exact, with dazzling 24-jewel perfection, the five pieces move flawlessly through their paces, separately and as a whole mechanism. They play with the experience, finesse, and resultant taste of top studio musicians. Individual virtuosity and textured arrangements that overlap vocal and instrumental parts create the illusion of diversity accidentally harmonizing.

It's like a classical concert in that they address their instruments instead of the audience. The highest compliment the musician can pay his listener is taking his music seriously and playing as well as he can. The Band have no act, put on no show, extract no visual excitement. But they know you're there and they let their hair down and play.

Both Robertson and Danko move in a way I'd only seen jazz and occasional classical musicians do before. The whole body plays, not just the fingers. Manuel, Danko, and Helm split the vocals with Robertson and Hudson coming in only for the five part harmonies like "I Shall Be Released." Their conversational style of throwing the lines back and forth emphasizes the lyric.

This is a comfortable group who have whiled away many a day experimenting with each other's instruments. In the course of the evening, the drummer played mandolin, acoustic guitar, and organ; the pianist took over drums; the organist switched to piano; the bassist played acoustic guitar; and the guitarist played bass and acoustic guitar.

Through an hour-long set including three encores, they did only three songs other than Big Pink cuts. The first was a new song of their own, or possibly Dylan's. The second was an authentic antique country tune "Levon's dad taught us. We hope you like country music here in New York City." (Fierce applause.) It was a cracking sweet harmony, "Little birds that sing in the bushes." The last was the old Four Tops "Loving You (has made my life sweeter than it ever was)". The two nonoriginals gave us a flash into the Band's roots and how they came to create a real fusion of rock and country that emerges as a distinctive whole that is neither.
into rock but with the country music running deep like a hidden spring. They drifted together as a rock band and played as a group for five years before Dylan found them. Now they've been together for nine years and the incredible dues they've paid were evident in "Loving You". They did it so beautifully that the song was almost unrecognizable. What a dynamite dance band they must have been, slaving their asses off in bars and bar mitzvahs, playing everybody's favorites. Remember the Beatles in Hamburg?)

You don't get uniqueness, tightness, and fresh creativity in a group effort unless the music has been brewing for years, melting into something all members of the group can express themselves through. Each member of the Band came across vividly as a distinct personality, yet each one as an integral, inseparable part of the entity. It takes years of growing together, working and experiencing music to build the kind of impact the Band has.

Groups don't stay together long in today's trend because the temptation to cut a record after six months is strong and when confronted with their finished product — a failure to express their talent as a satisfying whole — they split rather than get down to work. Because the Band has been tempered by years and experience, not too many can cut them on record or in person. What they intend to do with their enormous potential as a superduper group is doubtful because they just seem too sensible and settled and satisfied to be bothered with anything but honest lives and honest music.

Johanna Schier

BOHEMIAN EMBASSY REVISITED *by Michael Clancy*

Primarily for the sake of nostalgic curiosity, I paid a visit to the resurrected "Bohemian Embassy" at Rochdale over the holidays. One might question my use of the word "nostalgic" since the former Bohemian Embassy perished with the folk days in the early sixties, when most of us were just beginning to turn on with the Beatles and the Stones; however, I still recall those Friday nights spent at home watching "Let's Sing Out" and marvelling at Joni Mitchell's buck teeth. . .so, I suppose that I was more or less imagining what it would have been like to have frequented the folk scene in the pre-sixties, as one of those funky university types all hyped-up on Ginsburg (the rage, man, the rage), trying desperately to sing the chorus' with Oscar Brand.

The revived Embassy smacked of old home week, filled with familiar Toronto personalities, C.B.C.-types, old friends from way back in the days of the original Embassy, the resident Rochdale freaks, and a few interested kids from off the street. The atmosphere was quite undescribeable, a mixture of the old folk scene and the struggling-to-be-scrubbed Rochdale cafeteria. The Embassy's revivalists, Don Cullen and Don Black, huddled with the old friends, Cullen scurrying between acquaintances and scheduled entertainers.

On tab for the evening were the traditional poets, folk-singers, and comedians; the poetry strictly in the Ginsburgian line; the folk from the days of the Weavers and Peter, Paul and Mary; the comedy from Don Cullen in the form of the ancient style of story-telling, country accent, and dry almost intellectual humour. I found myself quite in the mold of the late fifties university student, found the conversation heading that way, talk of poetry, blue-grass guitar, the way it was back in the days of the old Embassy, remembered the jokes about getting a job at the Bohemian Embassy and now realizing that there was no joke implied. . .the place actually existed.

The talent wasn't exceptional; we have become accustomed to the proficency of the artist through our encounters with thousands of struggling rock bands, and we tend to judge harshly anyone who claims to play a guitar and sing; but in terms of the great days of folk, the Bohemian Embassy Revived serves as a lesson: let's not forget where it all came from, from the underground, the then shocking verse of the Beat Poets, the heavy message of the folk ballad, and in that light, the revived Embassy is successful. To stand on its own, however, against the fast-moving music scene of this generation, the Embassy would have to relinquish its precious ties with the past and promote the new developments in the folk scene.

MOVIE REVIEW

By David Phillips

There is little doubt that **The Reivers** has and will be interpreted as portraying a child's loss of innocence and gradual awakening into the world of pain, ugliness, joy and beauty. To this end the movie opens with several frames that take us back to our own childhood summers; green fields opening under the sun, floating on the old swimming-hole raft and the leisure and sometimes magic confusion of "Main Street". From here we follow the boy, Lucius Maury and his tempter and friend, Boon Hogganbeck (Steve McQueen) through a "cat-house", jail and a fixed horse-race wherein Lucius learns that a state of grace is not given but must be born out of our personal acquaintance, with depravity. In other words, to be moral one must realize evil as a fact of life.

I have heard several people say that they disliked the movie owing to the fact that it draws rather stiff, stereo-typed caricatures such as the Southern Sheriff and the good-hearted whores. This is true, but it is as a result of conscious planning rather than the fault of poor directing, acting or writing. And this is for two reasons. In the first place, **The Reivers** is a recounting of a boyhood experience by a grown-up Lucius. Time has worn away the embellishments of the actual events and participants leaving only the essential facts that memory has magnified and reshaped. A memorable event is important not for the accuracy of its retelling but for its consequences. This brings up the second point. **The Reivers** is somewhat of a religious parable. Faulkner, who wrote the original novel, often dealt with religious themes which he found, in their universality, paralleled in his own culture. When Lucius' grandfather, significantly referred to as "Boss" and to Lucius as his own moral mentor, leaves town to attend a family funeral, Lucius is tempted by Boon and his Grandfather's new **Winton Flyer**, into taking a four day trip. When God's away the boys will play. A series of lies are necessary to initiate the trip all leading to the ethical conclusion of the movie: one must live with ones own lies and sins, this is our punishment. Taken in this light, each character was symbolically represented in the parable and consequently became somewhat of a caricature. Interpreted in this way you are too busy reading into the movie to be bored by it, which is another charge brought against it. This all may be a far-fetched explanation but without it or an equivalent, **The Reivers** would simply be left an empty shell.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN 1990

1. Stanley Cup Winner?
2. White Christmas in 1970?
3. World Series Winner?
4. Intercollegiate Hockey Champion?
5. Intercollegiate Basketball Champion?
6. Intercollegiate Football Champion?
7. Grey Cup Winner?
8. Major Election Where?
9. Which Party Wins? (This refers to 8. above.)
10. Which World Leader Out?
11. A Trouble Spot in 1970? (A country or region.)
12. Cost of Living, in percentage up or down?
13. Value of Canadian dollar compared to U.S. dollar, in cents?
14. Definite withdrawal of U.S. from Vietnam arranged?
15. Canadian Government shows surplus?
16. What changes in Women's Fashions?
17. What changes in Men's Fashions?
18. Big "space age" news of year?
19. Urban riots where?
20. Definite date for church union?
21. Republicans gain or lose strength in 1970 elections?
22. Which city will get Canadian Games in 1973?
23. Big "medical" news of year?
24. Location of jetport to replace Malton? Where?
25. Big "marriage" news of year?

Prepared by Dr. E. G. Pleva,
Department of Geography,
University of Western Ontario.

FORMAL
Fri. Jan. 30
ST. LAWRENCE HALL
$6.00 advanced sales
$10.00 at the door
couple
LICENCED BAR

O'KEEFE CENTRE
TWO WEEKS JAN. 5-17
RAY WALSTON, CONSTANCE CARPENTER, MARTYN GREEN
IN
The Ribald Musical Comedy
CANTERBURY TALES
Student stand-by tickets. Special priced.
Mon. to Thurs.
$2.00 AVAILABLE AT BOX OFFICE AFTER 7 PM ON DAY OF PERFORMANCE FOR ANY AVAILABLE SEAT.

Scarborough Athletics Plans Expansion

By Paul Scrivener

Plans have been unveiled by the head of the Scarborough College Sports Department which will include the construction of a gym, arena, swimming pool and stadium.

Taimo Pallandi, Director of the Scarborough Athletic Department, said that construction of the new wing will begin in March. The expansion will go north to Military Trail through the parking lots.

A major undertaking, the new facilities will be built in three phases - a, b and c.

Mr. Pallandi explained that the most immediate phase (Phase 2a) would be completed by the Fall of 1970 in time for Registration. Leaning heavily towards sports activities, the projected expansion would include a dance studio, a weight training room, a remedial exercise room, four squash courts and a 144 ft. x 120 ft. gym.

Pointing out that the gym can cater to many activities, Mr. Pallandi said that it could be divided into three sections to give maximum usage to members of the College. Another interesting feature of the gym is its floor. Made out of special plastic originally developed by the 3M Company for race tracks, this floor is virtually indestructable, maintenance-free and it is much softer than the traditional wood floor to fall on.

At present, Mr. Pallandi is negotiating for the inclusion of outdoor tennis courts to be built on the gym roof. During the winter months, these would be moved into the gym.

Phase 2b calls for the building of an indoor arena with year-around ice facilities. To be completed by 1972, the arena will be open to over 2,700 students. Underlining the fact that the College has no assembly hall for large meetings, Mr. Pallandi suggested that perhaps the arena would perform this function.

To reach completion by 1973, the swimming pool will be constructed to cope with an anticipated 3,200 students. Mr. Pallandi hopes that it will be an L-shaped pool with one arm of the L being 25 metres long while the other is to be 25 yards in length. As it is now uncertain as to weather or not the swimming leagues would adopt the metric system, Mr. Pallandi thought that both systems should be incorporated into the complex.

By the time the College reaches an enrolment of 3,700 in 1974, it will have also acquired a stadium which will handle most of the outdoor sports.

Looking to the future, Mr. Pallandi predicted that Scarborough College (like many of its Canadian counterparts) would swing away from highly competitive sports such as football and soccer. Already there were indications of this happening with the loss of several Varsity teams this year. Attributing this problem to the lack of time on the part of individual students for such sports, Mr. Pallandi forecasts that there will be participation in the short-term sports such as badminton, sailing and tennis. Recreation will be the emphasis in the School sports department.

Sports Activities 1970

SPORT	TEAM	DAY	TIME	PLACE
Archery-Indoor	Co-ed	Saturdays	10 AM	Ryerson
Badminton	Co-ed	Thursdays	6-10 PM	Woburn CI
Basketball	Men	Thursdays	6-7:30 PM	West Hill CI
Gymnastics & General Conditioning	Co-ed	Tuesdays	6-7 PM	West Hill CI
Hockey	Men	Tuesdays	8-9 AM	Tam O'Shanter Centennial
	Women	Tuesdays	8-9 AM	Civic Center
	Shinny Men	Wednesdays	8-9 AM	Centennial Civic Center
Jogging	Co-ed	Tuesdays	12 Noon	Rm H-105
		Thursdays	12 Noon	Rm H-104
Karate	Instructional Co-ed	Tuesdays Thursdays	6-7:30 PM	West Hill CI
Modern Ballet	Instructional	Mondays	5-7 PM	Upper Cafeteria
Skiing	Co-ed Instructional & Recreational	Wednesdays	6:30-10 PM	Rouge Valley Ski Center
Swimming	Recreational, Co-ed	Tuesdays Thursdays	6-7 PM	Centennial Civic Center
Volleyball	Men, Co-ed, Women	Thursdays	7:30 PM	West Hill CI
		Tuesdays	7-8:30 PM	West Hill CI
		Thursdays	TBA	Benson Bldg.
Yoga	Co-ed, Instructional	Tuesdays	5-6:30 PM	Upper Cafeteria

1970 GRADUATES

Open the door to opportunities in:

**** Accounting***

**** Business***

**** Finance***

Become Aware of The Challenging and Stimulating Opportunities Available to You in a Career as a Chartered Accountant.

Arrange Through Your Student Placement Office for a Campus Interview on

JANUARY 20

If this date is not suitable, please call directly to H. Goldbach or D. Epstein, 363-3044

PERLMUTTER, ORENSTEIN, GIDDENS, NEWMAN & CO.

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS

BELLES LETTRES

THE PENIS

There it stands erect
—
Man's outmoded evolutionary
tool,
Doomed to decay through
misuse
of proper technique,
Destined for the same fate as
our
friend the appendix.

S.P. Argiropoulos

THE TRULY BENEVOLENT SYSTEM

In ancient China,
To stop the Mongol,
They invented gunpowder
And built the Great Wall.
— All just to survive.

Their nuclear sites
Today they build.
But instead of gunpowder,
The bombs are filled
— with U235.

Evil Western capitalists
Teach their little children:
"I'm a little teapot short and stout,
Here is my handle, here is my spout..."
— at age five.

While struggling Chinese workers
Teach every tiny tot:
"Slit the throats of U.S. soldiers,
Crush them till their guts spill out..."
— at age five.

Things are real keen
For the Chinese teen:
Compulsory
rigorous
daily
military
exercise
and hate learning.
Absolute freedom of
Party-line expression,
But what great songs they're singing!

"Commune Members are Sunflowers."
"Millions of Serfs Stand Up!"
"Down with the Local Bullies and Distribute the Land."
But the song that hit the top:
"Song of the Anyan Railway and Mine workers Club."

Compare this to the decadence
of discordant western cadence:
"All You Need is LOVE,"
"What the World Needs Now is LOVE,"
"Baby I LOV....."
(I MUST remember that WE are the evil imperialists,
the rotten fascists, the monstrous enslavers,
the malevolent oppressors, the dangerous warmongers,
the Condemned.....")

China has
the youth
the manpower
the bomb
the will
the right
the destiny
the leader,
One nation!
One people!
One .....
Oh no, no, I am of course wrong,
I have got them confused;
Dat iz de udder vun.

All Chinese homes are
Equipped with these boons:
A radio, a light-bulb,
And one or two spitoons.
(It's getting better all the time.)

The cow dung they formerly used to fertilize their land,
is now used to heat their homes.
The wood they formerly used to heat their homes,
was used in backyard blast furnaces.
Each tree they used to get the wood to heat the furnaces,
was chopped for a square foot more of rice.
The Chinese laborer needs no shade.
Now isn't that just nice!
In the place of the dung they used for fertilizer,
They use what they can get.
And since they have no phosphorus,
That leaves mainly human shit.

And how's it spread upon the land?
Naturally, by human hand.

But please do not distress my friend,
Next year they get ICBM!

Communism is born of a love for humanity.

Ask anyone from Havana, Tibet, Sinkiang,
Budapest, Prague, East Berlin.....

(NOTE: Song titles are authentic. They are from the top hits in China of 1965.)

Scott Bell

The face was in the door
Locked there with no escape
Really only hollow eyes
No face was there
I returned to those eyes
At another time
They were still there
Trapped forever.
The skin of a cat
The bone of a mouse
I saw them
And I knew.
I cut
The crysanthemum
It lasted
Five days.

Dick Schlombs

SHAM

You live in the fortress at the top of the hill
Surrounded by an 8-foot wall.
But the wall is made out of cellophane
And it gives you no privacy at all.

I can see your Rolls Royce parked in the drive
Covering up your old Volks.
And you only turn your fountain on
When expecting visits from us little folks.

You own two pairs of prescription sunglasses
Autographed by Gordie Howe.
Your brand new diamond ring is all scratched up,
And your pearls aren't cultured now.

The flowers in your garden are made out of plastic.
Can't you see they're melting in the sun?
The faces of your friends are made out of wood.
I guess they must be lots of fun.

The tutor comes in the morning so that you can learn,
But one thing he can't teach you is love.
So you tell everybody that you know all about it
Because after all, you're so far above.

You go to cocktail parties so you must be growing up.
And you say you're getting more mature,
So you tell lies about your very best friends,
And your whole world revolves around manure.

Nebulous

REMEMBER...

Photo Credits To Mike Clancy, Mike McGowen and Eric Seery

FINAL YEAR STUDENTS

Today, the Chartered Accountant plays one of the most exciting roles in business management. He tackles complex and fascinating problems. For the professionally-trained man the scope is limitless.

Discuss career opportunities with Clarkson, Gordon representatives, on campus

Appointments should be made through the Student Placement Office. If this time is not convenient, please contact us directly: 368-2751

Clarkson, Gordon & Co.
CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS

Halifax - Saint John - Quebec - Montreal - Ottawa - Toronto
Hamilton - Kitchener - London - Windsor - Thunder Bay - Winnipeg
Regina - Calgary - Edmonton - Vancouver - Victoria

TORONTO SUPER-GROUP

by Martyn Weir

The rock music spectrum in Toronto seems to have reached into the past in order to provide for the future. "Luke and the Apostles," once one of the most popular and talented rock groups in town, and major exponents of whatever the "village" was a few years ago, have just this week reformed; this upon the breakdown of three other major Toronto bands.

Luke Gibson, who left the "Apostles" early in 1968, to join the "Kensington Market", recently embarked on a solo career as a folk artist, meeting however, with limited success. Lead gutarist Michael McKenna is well known both locally and internationally as the result of the various bands he has toiled for. He left "Luke and the Apostles" to join another of the early talented groups, "The Ugly Ducklings", finally to make the international market through the dirty/ crude sounds of "McKenna Mendelson Mainline", with an extensive European tour and the recording of a successful album "Stink." Just this week that particular band called it quits, and McKenna was back where he started. Denny Gerrard is slated to fill the electric bass slot, and if he has his personal problems straightened out, he should finally live up to his reputation as the finest bass man around. Gerrard started in Toronto about seven years ago with "The Paupers" and continued with them until the middle of 1968. At this point he joined the fledgling "McKenna Mendelson Mainline" and remained with them until just prior to the band's sojourn to Europe.

Pat Little will again be drumming for the re-formed band, to almost complete the former lineup.

Plans are still tentative for obtaining an organist and it is highly unlikely that their original key-board man will be joining them as he is doing quite well with "MRQ" a tight rock/ jazz quartet from Ottawa.

Manager Bernie Finkelstein (formerly of the Paupers, and the Market) feels that the band probably will not set the world on fire commercially for about the first few months, but it is felt in most circles that with a talent lineup like this, only conflicts in egos should prevent the new/ old "Apostles" from being extremely successful.

NOTICE

The Political Science Forum is in the initial stages of forming a Political Science Course Union. Interested Political Science students are urgently needed to help form a constitution, design new courses, and so forth. Your participation is essential to have an effective Political Science course in the very near future. If interested, fill in the space provided and drop off the sheets in room S 645 A either Mondays or Wednesdays.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

PHONE NUMBER.....

POLITICAL SCIENCE COURSE.....

YEAR.....

TOPS
RESTAURANT

SPECIALS
—BAR-B-Q'd BACK RIBS
—MILK FED CHICKEN
—REAL ITALIAN SPAGHETTI
—HOT CORNED BEEF ON RYE
—HOME BAKED PASTRIES
—TAKE-OUT SERVICE

OPEN 24 HOURS
(Except Sunday)
317 YONGE STREET
(at Dundas)

RENTALS
TYPEWRITERS
ADDING MACHINES
T.V.'S
STEREO TAPE RECORDERS
STEREO RECORD PLAYERS

698-2589
DANFORTH TYPEWRITER
2940 Danforth Ave.
FREE DELIVERY

HOCUS - JOKEUS

by Howard Kideckel

Robert Stanfield is so glad when Pierre Trudeau goes on ski weekends. He says that he is in favour of anything that puts Pierre on the skids.

* * *

Did you hear about the nuclear scientist who swallowed some uranium and got atomic ache.

* * *

Noah was not the first to come out of the ark: According to the Bible "Noah came forth."

Winter is back. . .technical info — taken with a Minolta SRT 101, 100 milimeter lens set at f16 at 1/ 1000 Tri-X ASA 400 with a yellow filter on a cloudy day.